Table Manners.

Nothing is so important in the training of a family of children, after teaching them reverence and to tell the truth, as to give them good table manners. It is said by foreigners to be a great national defect with us Americans. We do not, as a nation, comport ourselves well at table. In the first place we eat too fast, and are very apt to make a noise with our soup. Well-bred people put their soup into their mouth without a sound, lifting up the spoon slowly, thinking about it, and managing to swallow it noiselessly. In the second place, we are accused of chewing our food with the open mouth, and of putting too much in the mouth at once. Again, we are accused, particularly at railway stations and at hotels, of putting our heads in our plates, and of eating with the knife instead of the fork.

Therefore a child should be taught to eat with his fork in the right hand early, and to manage knife and fork with ease and composure. He removes them from his plate when the plate is placed before him with them on, and he crosses them on his plate when he has finished, so that they may be easily removed. He also learns to use a spoon properly, not leaving it in his cup, which it may tip over, but putting it in his saucer. He breaks his bread neatly, not covering the table with crumbs; nor does he make bread pills of it, as some slovenly people do.

No one should leave the table eating. Let the food be swallowed slowly, and a few minutes' conversation follow the last drop of the final cup of coffee, which generally ends the repast of dinner. It is not well to talk or laugh loud at table; all well-bred people take a quiet tone at meals. A good appetite is no disgrace, but the people who eat a great deal, ravenously and fast, are never considered refined. We should moderate our appetites in all things, and learn to keep the rebellious body in order.

Next to greediness, indecision should be avoided. Always refuse or accept promptly. Tell your host if you prefer white to dark meat; do not give him the labor of choosing. Be firm in your determination not to take any kind of wine if you do not wish it. It is generally poured by the waiter, that he may drink it himself after dinner. Never play with food, nor handle the glass, silver or china unnecessarily, but try to be composed in manner even if you do not feel so.

The mouth should be carefully wiped with the napkin after soup, after drinking, and after eating anything which can leave its traces on the lips. Gentlemen with mustaches should be very careful in this respect. It is not now the fashion to pin the napkin up to the coat or dress, although some elderly people do it. The napkin is placed across the lap, ready, at the right hand.

It is no longer the custom, as it once was, to wait until every one is helped. The service of a modern dinner rather demands that every one eats what is put before him when it is placed there. A little tact will, however, decide this question. A hostess must always notice if some one is behind the rest in finishing, and must *pretend* to eat, to keep him company, unless her guest is unreasonably long in getting through.

If a person is so unlucky as to break anything at table, the best apology is a very short one. Do not lose your composure, or trouble your hostess. She will be far more sorry for you than you can be for her, if she is a kindly, well-bred person, and if she is not, her feelings are of not so much consequence.

If anything is to be removed from the mouth, let it be done from behind the napkin, and all use of the tooth-pick should be also from that obscurity. Nor should one drink or speak with eatables in the mouth.

In getting rid of the skins of grapes, or the pits of fruit, much delicacy should be cultivated. The hand is the proper medium from the mouth to the plate. Some people eat instinctively with great elegance, some never achieve elegance in these minor matters, but all should strive for it. There is no more repulsive object than a person who eats noisily, grossly, or inelegantly. Dr. Johnson is remembered for his brutal way of eating almost as much as for his great learning and genius. With him it was selfish preoccupation.

Table manners should begin before going to table, in making one's self fit for the table. If no further toilette is possible, one should attend to the cleanliness of his hands and face, and the smoothing of hair. In ordinary households one can make modest toilette for dinner. In any event, students and clerks, or women who are artists or authors, or shop-girls, or in any walk of life, can at least make themselves clean. And then the business of mutual respect and mutual good-breeding begins. The humblest meal may show the highest manners, and the real lady or gentleman shines at the boarding-house table as at the queen's banquet.

Abuse of one's food is in bad taste everywhere. Traveling in America is yet rather a severe trial to those who have cultivated the gustatory powers, and the cook is not abroad. There are often reasons for complaining. But the person who spends the dinner hour in complaining of the food makes one more dish at a bad dinner; ten to one he has not been accustomed to better meals at home. Every one can appreciate the mutual misfortune of a bad dinner; therefore let each one bear his burden smilingly and well.

There are a thousand little laws which our forerathers regarded as important which we have forgotten. One was that an egg should be eaten out of the shell instead of out of the glass; that pepper and salt should be handed from left to right; that no one should help another to salt, for fear of quarreling; that there should be toasts drank at dinner (now fortunately gone out of fashion); that the host or hostess, or, worse still, that some guest, should carve—all of which brought about an awkwardness.

Table manners include that beautiful custom that the men should rise when ladies leave the table. If it is only the mother or the sister who leaves, or who arrives after the gentlemen are seated at the domestic breakfast or dinner, every man should rise until the ladies have either seated themselves or have left the room.

A part of table manners should be the conversation. By mutual consent every one should bring only the best that is in him to the table. There should be the greatest care taken in the family circle to talk of only agreeable topics at meals. The mutual forbearance which prompts the neat dress, the respectful bearing, the delicate habit of eating, the attention to table etiquette, should also make the mind put on its best dress, and the effort of any one at a meal should be to make himself or herself as agreeable as possible. No one should show any haste in being helped, any displeasure at being left until the last. It is always proper at an informal meal to ask for a second cut, to say that rare or underdone beef is more to your taste than the more cooked portions. But one never asks twice for soup or fish; one is rarely helped twice at dessert. These dishes, also salad, are supposed to admit of but one helping.

In rising from the table, put the napkin by the side of the plate, unless you see that the custom of the house demands that you fold it. If so, do as the rest of the company do. In most modern houses, however, napkins are used but once.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Poisonous Toilet Articles.

Cold lead may become injurious to life in more ways than in a parabola from a gun-barrel, and there is little doubt that its victims in peace are pretty nearly as numerous as in war. It is a subtle and stubborn enemy; can effect an entrance into the human system in many ways without leaving a mark to indicate its passage, and when it thus insidiously attacks its victims it can not be removed with surgical instruments. The injurious effects of fresh paint are due to the lead out of which they are mixed, and painters' colic is a disorder caused by taking the minute particles of metal into the lungs and through the pores. Ladies may escape its ambushes of this kind, but they are likely to give it all the opportunity it desires in other ways. For instance, hair dyes are alleged to contain varying amounts of lead. These colorless preparations, which, the purchaser believes, can restore the original tints to the hair, hold lead in solution, while the cosmetics for the face which go by the high-sounding names of enamel, and so forth, yield the analytic chemist larger or smaller precipitates of white and red led when properly treated. The death of a young lady of Buffalo from lead-poisoning through the foolish habit of resorting to artificial complexion serves to direct public attention to the subject again. In this case the leaden particles were absorbed by the pores of the skin into the system. For eight years the unhappy girl had been an invalid, and at length death relieved her. Bismuth, antimony, and other minerals are made use of more or less liberally, and all bring about their natural results sooner or later.

Even when the cosmetic is no more deleterious in composition than rice-water or chalk, it is injurious, since it chokes the pores of the face. Effete matter is carried from the skin through the system to an extent that would surprise anybody who had never paid attention to the subject, and so necessary is this dermal excretion that the loss of one-third of the breathing surface of the body is sufficient to produce death. But the mere fact that the application of cosmetics is attended with danger, will not prevent their use by ladies. Physical debility, torture, and far more serious complications resulting from their use, have not prevented the wearing of tight shoes and corsets, and never will, and health and comfort are only too gladly sacrificed for beauty and the admiration of the foolish. It is curious to note how local is the fashion of using cosmetics. Compared with the mode of a century ago, when every woman had recourse to the cosmetic pad, the absence of artificial color is extraordinary. Few ladies of good taste in New York and Brooklyn will consent to apply a false complexion. In Philadelphia, however, it is considered quite a proper thing to paint, and even young and pretty girls are to be met whose lovely natural skins are deeply overlaid with the most ingenuous coats of coloring matter. It may be that Philadelphia prefers to be a law to itself, but that the descendants of the "drab-colored" Quakers should make a fashion of falsity, is rather singular, to say the least. Ladies, however, who use cosmetics with the idea that gentlemen are either deceived by them or pleased, labor under an extraordinary mistake.—*New York Times.*

Stop Scowling.

Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it your forhead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the edge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong, and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we can not think. There is no denying that there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. The little toddler who has sugar on his bread and butter tells his troubles in the same way when you leave off the sugar. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death" about the old folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is ridged with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. For pity's sake let us take a sad iron or a glad iron, or some smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraven upon our visage.

—Judge Wilson, of Polk County, Fla., has an orange tree that bears annually seven thousand oranges.

"Mark Twain" on the Art of War.

At the recent banquet given to the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Hartford, Conn., Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) responded as follows to the regular toast—"The benefit of judicious training:"

"Let but the thoughtful civilian instruct the soldier in his duties and the victory is sure."—*Martin Farquhar Tupper on the Art of War.*

MR. CHAIRMAN: I gladly join with my fellow-townsmen in extending a hearty welcome to these illustrious Generals and these war-scarred soldiers of the Republic. This is a proud day for us, and, if the sincere desire of our hearts has been fulfilled, it has not been an unpleasant day for them. I am in full accord, sir, with the sentiment of the toast, for I have always maintained with enthusiasm that the only wise and true way is for the soldier to fight the battle and the unprejudiced civilian to tell him how to do it. Yet when I was invited to respond to this toast, and furnish this advice and instruction, I was almost as much embarrassed as I was gratified, for I could bring this great service but the one virtue of absence of prejudice and set opinion. Still, but one other qualification was needed, and that was of only minor importance. I mean knowledge of the subject. Therefore I was not disheartened, for I could acquire that, there being two weeks to spare. A General of high rank in this Army of the Potomac said two weeks was really more than I would need for the purpose. He had known people of my style who had learned enough in forty-eight hours to enable them to advise an army. Aside from the compliment, this was gratifying, because it confirmed an impression I had had before. He told me to go to the United States Military Academy at West Point, and said, in his flowery, professional way, that the cadets would "load me up." I went there and staid two days, and his prediction proved correct. I make no boast on my own account—none. All I know about military matters I got from the gentlemen at West Point, and to them belongs the credit. They treated me with courtesy from the first, but when my mission was revealed this courtesy blossomed into warmest zeal. Everybody, officers and all, put down their work, and turned their whole attention to giving me military information. Every question I asked was promptly and exhaustively answered; therefore, I feel proud to state that in the advice which I am about to give you as soldiers, I am backed up by the highest military authority in the land—yes, in the world, if an American does say it—West Point.

To begin, gentlemen, when an engagement is meditated, it is best to feel the enemy first, that is, if it is night, for as one of the cadets explained to me, you do not need to feel him in the daytime, because you can see him then. I never should have thought of that, but it is true—perfectly true. In the daytime the methods of procedure are various, but the best, it seems to me, is one which was introduced by Gen. Grant. He always sent an active young man redoubt to reconnoiter and get the enemy's bearings. I got this from a high officer at the Point, who told me he used to be a redoubt on General Grant's staff, and had done it often. When the hour for the battle is come, move to the field with celerity—fool away no time. Under this head I was told of a favorite maxim of General Sheridan. General Sheridan always said, "If the siege train isn't ready, don't wait—go by any trains that are handy; to get there is the main thing." Now, that is the correct idea. As you approach the field it is better to get out and walk. This gives you a better chance to dispose of your forces for the assault. Get your artillery in position, and throw out stragglers to the right and left to hold your lines of communication against surprise. See that every hod-carrier connected with a mortar battery is at his post. They told me at the Point that Napoleon despised mortar batteries, and never would use them. He said that for real efficiency he wouldn't give a hatful of brickbats for a ton of mortar. However, that is all he knew about it. Everything being ready for the assault, you want to enter the field with your baggage to the front. This idea was invented by our renowned guest, General Sherman. They told me that General Sherman said that the trunks and baggage make a good protection for the soldiers, but that chiefly they attract the attention and rivet the interest of the enemy, and this gives you an opportunity to whirl the other end of the column around and attack him in the rear. I have given a good deal of study to this tactic since I learned about it, and it appears to me it is a rattling good idea. Never fetch on your reserves at the start. This was Napoleon's first mistake at Waterloo. Next, he assaulted with his bomb-proofs, and ambulances, and embrasures, when he ought to have used a heavier artillery. Thirdly, he retired his right by *ricochet*—which uncovered his pickets—when his only possibility of success lay in doubling up his center, flank by flank, and throwing up his *chevaux de frise* by the left oblique to relieve the skirmish line and confuse the enemy—if such a maneuver would confuse him, and at West Point they said it would. It was about this time that the Emperor had two horses shot under him. How often you see the remark that General So-and-So at such a battle had two or three horses shot under him. General Burnside and many great European military men, as I was informed by a high artillery officer at West Point, have justly characterized this as a wanton waste of projectiles, and he impressed upon me a conversation in the tent of the Prussian Chiefs at Gravelotte, in the course of which our honored guest just referred to—General Burnside—observed that if "you can't aim at a horse so as to hit the General with it, shoot it over him, and you may bag something on the other side, whereas a horse shot under a General does no sort of damage." I agree cordially with General Burnside, and Heaven knows I shall rejoice to see the artillerists of this land, and of all lands, cease from this wicked and idiotic custom. At West Point they told me of another mistake at Waterloo—namely, that the French were under fire from the beginning of the fight till the end of it—which was plainly a most effeminate and ill-timed attention to comfort, and a foolish division of military strength; for it probably took as many men to keep up the fires as it did to do the fighting. It would have been much better to have had a small fire in the rear, and let the men go there by detachments and get warm, and not try to warm up the whole army at once. All the cadets said that an assault along the whole line was the one thing which could have restored Napoleon's advantage at this juncture, and he was actually rising in his stirrups to order it, when a sutler burst at his side and covered him with dirt and debris, and before he could recover Wellington opened a tremendous and devastating fire upon him from a monstrous battery of vivandieres, and the star of the great Captain's glory set to rise no more. The cadet wept while he told me these mournful particulars.

When you leave the battle-field, always leave it in good order. Remove the wreck and rubbish, and tidy up the place. However, in case of a drawn battle it is neither party's place to tidy up anything. You can leave the field looking as if the City Government of New York had bossed the fight. When you are traversing the enemy's country, in order to destroy his supplies and cripple his resources, you want to take along plenty of camp followers. The more the better. They are a tremendously effective arm of the service, and they inspire in the foe the liveliest dread. A West Point professor told me that the wisdom of this was recognized as far back as Scripture times. He quoted the verse. He said it was from the new revision, and was a little different from the way it reads in the old one. I do not recollect the exact wording of it now, but I remember that it wound up with something about such and such a devastating agent being as "terrible as an army with bummers." I believe I have nothing further to add but this: The West Pointers said a private should preserve a respectful attitude toward his superiors, and should seldom, or never, proceed so far as to offer suggestions to his General in the field. If the battle is not being conducted to suit him, it is better for him to resign. By the etiquette of war it is permitted to none below the rank of newspaper correspondent to dictate to the general in the field.

Joseph Sabine, the Noted Bibliopolist.

Joseph Sabine, who has just died at New York, aged 60, was placed by the trade as the first book expert in the country, and as perhaps the best book auctioneer in the world, and to all librarians he is known as a great cataloguer. Born in Northamptonshire, England, his intimate acquaintance with the rank and file of the vast army of books with which the world is overrun was due in some measure to the thorough training given by a long apprenticeship to an Oxford stationer; but the love of books for their own sake seemed born in him and gave his knowledge a fullness and accuracy which no amount of mere persistence could have conferred. He married at twenty-three the daughter of an Oxford architect, but soon after came to this country, intending to farm it in Texas. Finding his farm not next door to New York, as he had thought it, he entered the service of W. H. Appleton, the bookseller, then of Philadelphia. In time he established himself there as a book importer, but at the beginning of the war he opened a store in New York and began the greatest work he undertook, a dictionary of the titles of all books relating to America. Thirteen volumes of this dictionary have appeared, the last covering the letter O, and more than 100,000 books are named. Many stories are told of his wonderful memory for books, which might be called photographic, so exact was his recollection of the size and appearance of thousands of volumes. He astonished the New York book connoisseurs at an auction once by bidding $9 for a copy of "Smith's History of New York," printed in London in 1753, more than they could think it worth. But when it was knocked down to him he explained that it was printed on paper a little wider than the ordinary edition, and he sold it for $200. He could recognize books even when wrapped up. "Where are you going with that Hogarth?" he once cried to a passing friend with a parcel under his arm, though not of unusual size or shape. It is said that he could walk by the shelves of any large library and tell something interesting about 90,000 out of 100,000 books. He bought for many libraries and collectors and had the reputation of compiling more catalogues than any man in the country. At this, as well as at great book sales, he made a great deal of money, netting, it is thought, $5,000 out of the three Brinley sales; but of late years the impracticability which seems characteristic of bibliophiles has lessened his prosperity. Though his vitality has been recently impaired by Bright's disease, of which he died, he persisted in going to his store up to the last for the companionship he found in his rare volumes.

Cotton-Growing and Manufacturing at the South.

The cotton crop last year reached the unprecedented figure of 5,757,397 bales, each of which was twenty pounds heavier than the bales of the greatest ante-war crop. The aggregate yield of this great staple during the fifteen years following the war was larger by 10,000,000 bales, and more valuable by nearly $700,000,000, than during the fifteen years preceding the war. The crop of the present year will be the largest raised yet, and is expected to amount to more than 6,000,000 bales. Since 1870 the capacity of the Southern cotton mills has increased from 11,000 to more than 15,000 looms, and from 400,000 to 700,000 spindles. Within the same period the consumption of cotton has more than doubled. It was 45,000,000 pounds in 1870, and in 1880 it had increased to more than 100,000,000. The census returns show that during the last decade the South has made more rapid strides in cotton factories than either the country at large or New England, the great center of the industry in America. The progress that it has made, and promises to make, suggests the very important inquiry whether the South has not at last set out upon that course which in time must lead to the achievement of one of the great possibilities that nature has put within its reach. That the American cotton crop should be sent raw to English mills, and returned manufactured to Cisatlantic markets, is as abnormal and unnatural as that water should run up hill.—*New York Herald.*

Our Young Folks.

I WISH I WAS A GROWN-UP.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
And nobody could say:
"No, no, you can't do so-and-so,"
Or, "If you're good, you may,"
If grown-ups waited to be good
Before they had their fun,
A great deal that is going on,
I guess, would not be done.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
Then I'd play with bigger boys,
And spend a hundred dollars
For nothing else but toys.
I'd give the fellows all a boat,
A knife and kite and ball;
I'd sit up late, and sometimes
Wouldn't go to bed at all.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
I'd wear my very best,
With long gold chain a-dangling
Across my stiff white vest;
With big top-boots so heavy
I could wade out anywhere;
With a gold watch in my pocket,
And a close shave on my hair.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
As tall as my papa,
I'd have a pistol and a cane,
And marry Maggie Carr.
I'd have a party every night—
How jolly it would seem!
I'd have a house of citron cake,
And a lawn of lemon cream.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
I'd have a stunning yacht;
And eat at the first table
While the beefsteak was hot;
I'd go right in the parlor,
No matter who was there;
I'd have a span of horses,
And keep a dancing bear!

But, then, I ain't a grown-up,
I'm a boy that has to mind,
With a little blue-checked apron,
That buttons up behind;
And the women come and kiss me,
And call me "little dear;"
And I shan't be a grown-up
In many a long year.
—*Mrs. M. F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.*

A WORD TO SCHOOL-BOYS.

Whenever I meet a party of you on your way to school, I am strongly tempted to stop and have a little chat with you. Possibly you might call what I would say very much like preaching. Well, it might start earnest thoughts, and we are apt to call words which do that preaching. I wonder, boys, if you realize what it costs to get an education. Have you ever heard how much your own city or town annually devotes to the schools. Have you ever considered how much your parents must expend to keep you clothed and in school for ten or twelve years? How much parents often deny themselves, how many pleasures and luxuries, that the boys may have a good high-school education, and then, perhaps, go to college. Then how much labor you yourself must give, how many years of labor it costs you to obtain even an ordinary education to fit you for a business life, and if you study for a profession there must be three or four years more of hard work.

So you see it costs a great deal in money, and in that which is of more value than money—in time, self-denial and close application to acquire an education; but let me tell you a secret. It costs much more not to have one! For without it how helpless you are; all your life long you will have to be paying others for the use of their brains, and are at a disadvantage at every turn in life. If you have capital and go into business, you must pay a high-priced man for doing much which you ought to be capable of doing, and even then you are in a measure in the power of another. If you are so unfortunate as to have a dishonest book-keeper or cashier, he may swindle you out of half your profits, and you will never be able to discover it.

I remember years ago a janitor employed in our school building who could neither read nor write. He frequently hired the boys to add up a bill for him, or write a letter, and they invariably charged him ten or fifteen cents for their service. It was not very large-hearted for the boys to ask payment for such a small service; but that is not the point I want to make. The ignorant man had to pay for the use of a little learning, and you will find it the same the world over; all business men will tell you that knowledge and judgment are hired only at a great expense. In any profession or trade you will find (other things being equal) the man of the best education has the advantage.

And lastly, the lack of knowledge will cost you the society of cultivated people, for of course you cannot associate with the educated if you are ignorant; they would not enjoy your society, nor you theirs. Ignorance will cost you much mortification and many regrets for lost opportunities, so when you grow disheartened that you are giving up so much for your education, remember it will cost you much more not to have one.

If you will carefully observe men you will find that most of them have an ambition; by that I mean a fixed determination to possess something, or to succeed in some undertaking. One man longs to become learned, and will spend his days and nights in study, giving up many pleasures that he may have more time to spend over his beloved books. Another wants to be famous as an explorer, so he turns away from all the comforts of a quiet home, and wanders over strange countries, suffering untold discomforts that he may become noted as a traveler or discoverer. Another has set his heart upon riches, and toiling early and late turns his heart and mind from much that is ennobling, becoming old and worn in his pursuit for gold.

Now, do these win the object for which they are striving? Invariably, if they are persistent in their efforts; there are few things within the bounds of possibility that you cannot possess if you patiently and perseveringly work for them. Then how important is it that your ambition should be a noble one. Have you ever asked yourself the question, "What is my aim in life?" Probably you will say that you are now too young and inexperienced to determine what trade or calling you will follow. That is true, but if you are old enough to be in school you can understand that you may work for some object, and this should be clearly defined. You want to get the most thorough education possible. Your advantages may be limited, or may be very good; in either case you want to make the most of them. Having set your heart on this, do not look far ahead and expect to accomplish great things when you take up advanced studies. Do not expect algebra and geometry to make you accomplished mathematicians unless you have first conquered arithmetic. Remember the duty which is of first importance is the one which lies nearest.

Do you remember the legend of the man in pursuit of the four-leaf clover? When a boy he was told that if he could find a four-leaf clover it would be to him a talisman of good fortune, and with it in his possession success in any undertaking was sure; so early in life he started out to search for this little token of good. He left his home and friends to wander alone in this pursuit, traveling across continents and oceans in his search, but all in vain. At last, a disappointed and worn-out old man, he returned to the old homestead to die; and as he tottered up the familiar pathway, lo! close beside the doorstep grew a four-leaf clover. It may be that your assurance of success lies hidden between the leaves of the despised speller; it surely is somewhere among your school books.—*Golden Rule.*

Work and Play.

Don't loiter, boys and girls. When you know what you ought to do, then go about it promptly; and work at it diligently, and finish it. Work first, and rest afterward. Never dawdle. Is there a garden to be weeded, corn to be hoed, hay to be raked, coal to be brought up, an errand to be done, a lesson to be learned? make that the first thing, and if possible, the only thing, until it is finished. Your comfort and your success in life depend very much upon the habits you form in this matter.

You find some people who are always saying they have so much to do, and yet they seem to accomplish very little. They are not comfortable, and they are not successful. Perhaps they have a letter to write; and they worry over it every day for a week, exhausting as much strength in this useless worry and "dread to go about it," each day as another would in writing and posting half a dozen letters. The successful men—railroad presidents, bankers, manufacturers, merchants, farmers—are men who have what we call executive ability, or "dispatch." It is the power of forming an accurate judgment quickly, doing a thing, or giving order for it, at once, and then dismissing it from the mind, so that the next thing may be taken up and dispatched. The hour's duties are done in the sixty minutes, the day's duties within business hours; and then the man may read, ride, talk, sleep, rest, with a mind free from care. If the boys and girls manage their work thus, then they will enjoy their play.—*Scholar's Companion.*

Insects Killing Insects.

It is often found that human interference with the arrangements of animal life does more harm than benefit. Many a time the destruction of birds as the supposed foes of the farmer has left the ground free for the worse devastations of unchecked insect life. In a recent article, commenting on some of Sir John Lubbock's entomological observations, the writer says:

"While men have been devising scientific schemes for the amelioration of insect plagues, and fondly imagining that upon ourselves has rested the burden of keeping the animal world within proper limits, the insects themselves have taken the matter in hand and been actively carrying into effect the plans and suggestions which, if left to us, would never have got beyond the preliminary stages of consideration. In the orchard the fruit farmer watches with lamentation the depredation of the wasps among his plums, and his children come crying to him with the tale of their sufferings, how they picked up a fallen pear and were stung by the wasp inside. Yet all this time, so naturalists tell us, there are wasps that sting wasps and hornets that lie in wait among the tempting fruit to carry off or decapitate the smaller depredators. In the hot summer days flies annoy us, but it is a comfort to know that whenever they sit down on bushes their enemies are on the watch for them; that not only spiders catch and eat them, but winged things of their own kind devour them readily. The cockroach is an abomination in a kitchen, but if he ventures to walk abroad the *Pompilus* takes him by the nose, and, having stung him senseless, drags him away to some convenient chink that serves it for a larder. The spiders that creep about where they have no business to be, and spin threads across pathways, so as to catch the faces of passers-by, are constantly beset by fly foes, who treat them with a delightful contempt, using their fat, round bodies to lay their eggs in, and even storing them up like apples to feed the young flies when they are hatched. The caterpillars that destroy our vegetables and work havoc in the flower garden are not the irresponsible tyrants that they seem, for they go in mortal terror of their lives all day long, not only from other caterpillars that eat them, but from a number of winged creatures that take a truculent delight in their tender bodies. The beetle which we call a cockchafer, and which in France does almost incredible damage, has another beetle told off to it, whose only duty is to hunt and kill it. The wheat-fly, snug though it thinks itself tucked up inside the husks of the grain, is found out by a special fly whose whole work in life is to lay its eggs in the other's body; and even the gall-flies inside their secret chambers, the clover-fly hidden in the little flower, and the wireworm under ground, are each of them the particular objects of pursuit and slaughter to appointed insects. To this complete chain of crime and punishment man can add nothing, but he can at any rate take the broad hint which the insects give him, and assist them to indulge their beneficial appetites."

—The old Childs house at Norwich Town, (Conn.), has not been tenanted for many years. It was decided the other day to smoke out the myriads of swallows that year after year had found lodging in the wide-mouthed chimney. Straw was procured, placed in the fireplace and lighted. As the smoke went billowing up, the swallows came down by the dozens and hundreds. Not less than four or five hundred were killed.

—At this season of the year most every man on his way to the barber's shop is looking for a short cut.